

RESTORATION



VOL. VIII.

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No. 9.

Life In Yukon Is One Of Contrasts

By Mamie Legris

MARYHOUSE, WHITEHORSE, YUKON—Summers come and go but so quickly! And each has such a different pattern. Take last summer for example. We were building and we had big troubles. I would lie awake at night wondering about the color scheme. Should I use one or two coats of sizing before painting? Should I buy green or cream window shades? Should I purchase panel doors or just plain plywood doors? Should I have the linoleum running a different way in the clothes closet to use up the small pieces? Should the cupboards be here or there? Should the library shelves be shellacked and varnished or just shellacked? There were so many things to worry about. Looking back now they were almost insignificant.

People In Need

The summer of 1955 was quite different. True, there was still plenty of manual labor, planning to do, and decisions to make, but there was something much deeper and more frightening. We were face to face with problems of hundreds of people who came to Maryhouse for help!

I could mention the names of many who stayed here during the past six months. Their stories would run something like this: "It's a long time since I've been at church," "I'm married but I don't live with my wife any more," "I've been an alcoholic for years, now my health is ruined and there is no hope for me," "I worked in the woods last winter and when I was finished my employer owed me four hundred dollars and couldn't pay it," "I left my last job because the work was too hard."

There is instability, restlessness and discontent everywhere. People cannot make enough money. Some take an extra job on Sunday to add a few dollars to their weekly pay. Their duties as Catholics never dawn on them.

Two Varieties

The summer of 1955 has been an eye-opener. I think of it as a summer of contrasts. In June we were visited by Father Meier, the abbot of the Benedictine Monastery at Mt. Angel in Oregon. We were honored to have with us this holy priest who has spent his life in the service of God. The very next morning a man knocked on our door and asked for a place to sleep. He had been sleeping on the river bank, and bivouacking is not exactly the thing in the Yukon. He would be glad to sleep on the floor if we had no bed for him. He was an alcoholic; he was ill and unable to work. The Sisters in a hospital farther north had taken care of him for several weeks. He had no idea where he would go next. I couldn't help thinking of the Abbot's well-spent life versus the seemingly useless life led by the alcoholic.

In July a young couple, both members of the C.Y.O.,

were married in Maryhouse Chapel. The bride, Irene Reader, taught in the Cathedral School and was rather an exceptional person. Each morning you found her at seven o'clock Mass. Everyone liked Irene; she had a way of doing the most thoughtful things for people — and of course nothing ever inconvenienced her. The groom, Walter Ver-ecken, was also a top-notch, to say the least.

Still More Variety

Their marriage was preceded by a study of The Cana Conference. Their wedding day was the beautiful feast of the Visitation — and since their marriage you see them at Mass and Communion together and you can't help feeling happy that there is another genuine Catholic couple in the parish.

But let me give you the contrast. Last week, the father of a family of six came to us for help. He had been living with a woman for several years. At present she was in jail on a charge of intoxication. He had a job. What could he do with the kids? Would we take care of them until he found a house-keeper? Yes, we took the children for a while. And each day I thanked God there are people like Irene and Walter who realized what a serious step matrimony is and who know it takes three to get married.

And there was the first Retreat of the C.Y.O. — a group of ten young people who set aside their best week-end of the summer "to go apart and pray" at Burwash. They said it was the best week-end they had ever spent. They hope to do it again next year and to have their numbers augmented. They sleep in tents for two nights. There is no retreat house in the Yukon. Father Triggs just beams when he mentions that retreat; he is proud of his C.Y.O. people who want to know, love, and serve God better.

On The Other Hand

Another week-end stands out in my memory. An alcoholic came to our hostel. He wanted to give us his clothing for the needy, and leave

a message to be forwarded to his father. His destination was the cold Yukon River. While Louie wrote down the message I phoned Fr. Triggs, who arrived in seconds. We didn't say Compline that night. We didn't go to Benediction. We cancelled an invitation to the movies. We spent the night talking to and entertaining our alcoholic. He was much better the next day. Two days later he left suddenly. We haven't heard of him since.

This afternoon Sr. Eulalia of the Sisters of St. Anne from Holy Cross, Alaska, visited Maryhouse. Sister has spent thirty-five years at the Residential School there. I'm sure life is not easy in such a place but you could tell that sister solved it. She was dedicated; she was so stable.

Another Contrast

Ten minutes after sister left, I had a phone call from the matron at the jail. She wondered if we had room for a girl from Europe who had a charge of vagrancy against her. So we met Joan. She had been hitch-hiking for five years. True, she was young but what a way to waste her best years! She admitted that it was a long time since she had been to church, but she came to the Holy Hour with us.

And another thought came to me. Maybe Sister Eulalia, and all the sisters who live such hidden holy lives, will be responsible for the conversion of some of the Joans who give such little thought to God!

As this summer comes to an end, we of Maryhouse realize more than ever the need for religious and lay people who are willing to put aside material things and live lives of great sacrifice for the conversion of sinners.

The Manual Laborer

By Jim Shaw

St. Joseph is a carpenter
Who labors every day
And wears his hand to callouses
To earn the family pay.

He wears a cap and overalls
And works from eight to five.

St. Joseph isn't dead at all,
He's very much alive.

So always tip your hat and smile

At carpenters you meet,
For you might not know St. Joseph

If you met him on the street.

Saga Of The Rosary Told By Hungry Man

By Dorothy M. Phillips

MARIAN CENTRE, EDMONTON, ALTA.—"This is a Catholic Institution isn't it?" the man at the door inquired.

"Yes it is," I said

"Then take this Rosary. It was blessed in Rome."

Into my hands he placed a worn black rosary whose crucifix contained the relics of the martyrs of the catacombs. He was a slight man, with a tired worn look about his face. I instinctively knew that the beads were his most precious possession.

"We are very grateful for your gift," I said, "but this Rosary means much to you doesn't it? Maybe you should keep it."

Goodbye To The Church

He shuffled his feet and said, "No I won't need it anymore."

"You're a Catholic, aren't you?"

"Tonight I am," he replied. "Tomorrow I won't be. I am joining another Church. They are giving me a chance. They are giving me a job."

No amount of persuasion could make him change his mind, nor would he delay any longer. He turned quickly and walked off into the darkness.

The following morning we offered our day for him, and I kept his Rosary in my pocket. That afternoon, as I was sitting writing at my desk, I felt a presence beside me. I looked up and saw him. No words were spoken. I reached into my pocket, withdrew the Rosary and placed it into his outstretched hand. His fingers closed about it and tears filled his eyes. Then he spoke.

New Creed, New Job

"May I tell you about it?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued, "It's like this. I have a criminal record. When I came out of jail, I managed to get a good job,

at my trade. I worked for six months. Then my record was discovered. I was called in, and in the middle of a shift, soundly told off for taking the job, given my pay, and told to get out. I decided then to tell my prospective employers my history in advance.

"For months now I have been meeting with complete failure in my attempts to get work. Yesterday, this church group, knowing all about me, gave me a steady and permanent job — providing I would change to their religion. Can you understand what that meant to me? To be able to earn my own living again! To be able to join a group! To be sought after!

"I lost my head, I guess. I accepted the job and decided to accept their religion also. Today I knew I couldn't do it. One night without my rosary has shown me."

This story has a happy ending. God blessed this man's love for His mother. In less than twenty minutes we were able to get a job for him. And he is now at work and at peace with his God.

(Continued on Page Three)



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FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

When the Summer School ended, after the first week in August, the staff workers of Madonna House were "bushed." They had helped to prepare breakfast, dinner, four o'clock tea, and supper, for great crowds of people. They had helped to set the tables and to serve the guests. They had helped to wash and dry the dishes afterwards, to tidy up the dining room — and all the rest of Madonna House, and all the rest of the other houses. They had helped take care of 62 children during "Family week." They had helped to feed the pigs and chickens, to look after the rabbits and the bees, to hoe, to weed, to pick berries in the woods, and to do a thousand other chores. They had worked steadily, day and night, for five weeks. They had had no "let-up" at all.

Three Free Days!

So, when they were told that now they might have three days to themselves, three free days, three days in which they could go to any one of half a dozen nearby places and have picnic meals if they wished, three days in which they could sleep late and go to bed early, three days in which they could do — practically — anything they wished, the boys and girls gave a great sigh of joy. (They were too bushed to cheer.)

Some wrote requisitions on the cook for supplies they would need during their three days of well-earned liberty. "We'll go to one of the cabins at St. Anne's, cook our own meals, swim when we want to, sleep all night and swim all day maybe," two girls agreed.

"We'll take books with us, because we may want to read. Books, bathing suits, bread, crackers, some canned goods — what else?"

Some boys decided to "bathe" it on Phil Larkin's farm. Phil had pretty nearly everything. But they would need a few tins of sardines, a loaf or two of bread, tea for three days, a dozen oranges, if they could be spared, and things like that.

To Be Guests Again

A number of others decided to remain in Madonna House — or close to it — and carry on as usual but without doing the regular daily tasks. It would be wonderful, they said, to consider themselves guests — to be waited on by the skeleton crew (which would get its three day holiday later) to go to the chapel whenever they pleased and stay there as long as they liked, to take a nap during the day if they felt like it, or to play in the cool Madawaska river from sunup to sundown.

But, to the pleased aston-

ishment — and awe — of all the rest, six girls decided to begin their holidays by making a pilgrimage to St. Anne's shrine, three miles or more away.

It didn't seem much of a stunt at first. Anybody could walk three miles, rest awhile, and then return. But the girls decided to do it the hard way, the way earnest pilgrims in Europe have been doing it for hundreds and hundreds of years. They would go bare-foot, carrying the supplies they would need. What supplies? Bread, and salt, and several thermos bottles of water!

Pat's And Mike's

St. Anne's shrine was erected by the side of the road, on the property that came into the keeping of Madonna House through the blessed instrumentality of Fr. J. T. Callahan. The farm contains something over 200 acres. It has a lake on it. And two cabins have been built there — the beginning of a cluster of cabins where Catholic families can find shelter, and peace, and enjoyment — both physical and spiritual — in the summers to come. These first two cabins have been given the names of St. Michael, the Archangel, and St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland. (But already they are known only as "Pat's and Mike's").

The people in Madonna House have always had a great devotion to St. Anne, the mother of Our Lady. Some years ago they erected a shrine to her just outside the cabin known as "St. Catherine's," which is reserved for priests.

St. Anne Of Combermere

For that matter most Canadian Catholics honor St. Anne in some special way. Her shrine, St. Anne de Beaupré, is world-famous. And there are many other shrines erected in her honor throughout the land.

It may seem odd, but not to the pilgrims involved; but, just the day before they were to make the pilgrimage, one of the girls received in the mail a copy of "The Pilgrim's Prayer Book" issued by the priests at St. Anne de Beaupré!

Early on the morning of Tuesday, August 9th, after Mass in the chapel, and after hymns sung by them and others in Madonna House, the half-dozen bare-legged girls set out.

They went in Indian file, walking slowly, and singing a hymn to Our Lady. But they had not gone very far when the girl with the Pilgrim's Prayer Book, began to read from it:

"O Good St. Anne, the time has at last come for me
(Continued on Page Three)

WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

OUT OF THE DEPTHS I CRY TO THEE O LORD . . . HEAR THE VOICE OF MY SUPPLICATION!

Weak is my voice, and hoarse from years of crying . . . but I cannot stop raising it though all in me, in truth, longs for silence and rest.

Before my eyes stand multitudes. And the eyes of the soul see far. Multitudes in need of the Bread of Life, and of bread to live. They are like a sea that has no end. A sea of tired faces, and of still, hopeless bodies. Or maybe it is just a sea of pain and sorrow in which I see countless faces!

All I know . . . is that I must keep lifting up my voice to God and man, from the depths into which I, and all of us in the Apostolate of Madonna House, have willingly and joyously descended, that we might be with those who suffer, hunger, and thirst, to witness to Christ in their midst by our presence . . . for as Abbe Pierre says, "there is NO WITNESSING WITHOUT PRESENCE."

Dark are the depths, and foul smelling. Immense, yet small for the number that dwell in them. Strange that, in order to bring them forth to light, we must have gold and silver. Not for ourselves — for them, the masses of humanity called "THE POOR OF CHRIST."

It takes money to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give drink to the thirsty, and to nurse the sick, visit those in prison, and bury the dead. Everything, even a coffin, costs much today. We are utterly poor. None of us has gold or silver to give. We have nothing but our lives to give.

So, perforce, we must lift our voices from the depths, and beg.

Can You hear us? Come down and see for Yourself. Here let me drive You to a little tar-paper shack in the bush. The roads are poor, bumpy, cluttered with stones. They are really nothing but old cow paths enlarged by years of farm traffic.

Here we are. Not a very large place, is it? Some 12 by 10, or maybe a little larger. Yet it houses a family of seven children, father and mother, and grandpa. The father is sick — there in that rickety bed. The mother is not too well. The children just can't go back to school, for they haven't clothing or shoes.

They can, if they wish, obtain some Government relief. But that will not buy a better bed, nor any tiny bit of comfort. It will give enough food to keep away the pangs of hunger, but not enough to fill a stomach, really fill it.

Sheets and blankets are expensive. One can do without the former, but the latter are a must in the cold winter. Will YOU see they have nourishing food, and enough blankets?

And what about the little old lady dying from a heart condition, further down the road. She exists without any of the little extras that would make the difference between heaven and hell on earth for her.

And what about that bright young lass who could go to high school if only someone paid for books and board. It is too far to walk daily. It is ten miles to school.

How about . . . Forgive me if I can't go on. Again the sea of faces, of pain and sorrow encompass me. And I find myself bereft of words to tell YOU about even an infinite small, small part of it.

I am not ashamed to say that, as I write the type is blurred because tears fill my eyes . . . tears that will not come forth, but will remain with me — a weight that will almost make me fall down, and not wish to get up. Almost but not quite. For I must lift my tired hoarse voice again and again, and continue to beg for the voiceless ones. Beg until death finally stills my voice.

And so I repeat . . . OUT OF THE DEPTHS I CRY TO YOU . . . HEAR THE VOICE OF MY SUPPLICATION, LORD . . . OPEN THE HEARTS OF THE FAITHFUL . . . THAT WE MAY GET THE SILVER AND GOLD WHICH WILL ASSUAGE THE HUNGER AND LESSEN THE PAIN OF THE HUNGRY AND TIRED ONES . . . AND BRING HOPE TO THE HOPELESS.

Friends, deep are the depths! My voice may be weak . . . yet bend your ears to its whisper. For it begs for the needs of OTHER CHRISTIS. Make a little sacrifice. Send us a little . . . PLEASE . . . and then pray for us . . . that we may have the courage never to wish to leave the depths . . . never to stop witnessing Christ, by our presence there.

WE NEED YOUR MONEY AND YOUR PRAYERS, DESPERATELY . . . VITALLY . . . URGENTLY . . . NOW!



The B's Corner

I was thinking about begging. August 15th was my birthday. I reached, on that day, the mature age of 55. And looking back, I remembered that I had begged for TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. A long time of begging for just one being.

A great temptation assailed me. With my whole being I wanted to stop begging. I wanted to stop hearing my old croaky voice with the foreign accent trying desperately to express the impossible — the needs of Christ's poor. I wanted silence and solitude. Surely, I thought, twenty-five years in the apostolate of the market place is enough. Why can't I now stop annoying friend and foe with my begging letters, my begging pleas? Surely everyone must be tired of listening to me!

The Divine Beggar

At that moment my eyes fell on a crucifix. And with an intense clarity I understood that there was the Divine Beggar, begging me for love; LOVE EXPRESSED NOT IN WORDS BUT IN DEEDS. For me those "deeds" were the whole life of our apostolate of Madonna House in the market places of the world. IT WAS MY VOCATION, GOD-GIVEN, TO BEG FOR HIS POOR AMIDST WHOM MY ASSOCIATES, AND I LIVE.

First though, I realized, we had to "give ourselves" fully, completely, irrevocably, in poverty, chastity and obedience. Then, and only then, could any one of us, myself included, beg from others. Once we had done this, we could never stop "begging" because that was part and parcel of our vocation.

How could we know the bitterness of destitution unless we had to depend, for every piece of bread we eat, on the bounty of someone else? By doing so we were giving others a chance to gain life everlasting. For, unless we give alms and help our neighbor, we cannot reach life eternal. In the immortal words of Peter Maurin . . . BY ASKING THOSE WHO HAVE TO GIVE TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT . . . WE HELP THOSE WHO HAVE TO GET TO HEAVEN.

I had seldom thought of it just in that way. But then — there was that crucifix before my eyes!

Our Dire Need

For the first time since we began publishing this paper, in December 1948, I have taken over the editorial column to present to you our dire need of cash. I have done this only because THE NEED IS DIRE!

Truly the Lord writes straight with crooked lines. We of Madonna House are in the throes of growth and expansion. That means that Our Lady, the Directrix of this apostolate, sends us many new vocations . . . and methinks she inspires the Hierarchy of Canada and other lands to ask us for new foundations, at the same time making our work and services known to an ever-growing number of needy folks.

This combination creates a need for cash that utterly staggers me. Yet all the while, the financial set-up never seems to keep pace with the needs!

That is where the writing straight with crooked lines
(Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By C. D.

Red is tinting the leaves of the trees that have been preening themselves all summer in the mirror of the river. The nights are colder. The mist is heavy in the morning. But the days are sparkling and shiny, as if they were washed clean for some special occasion.

The cellars of Madonna House are filled with the fruits of the earth. The sweat that blinded us all in the early days of summer, when we hoed and weeded, weeded and hoed, trying to endure and even offer up, the black flies and mosquitoes, has paid off abundantly.

Speaking of Food—

Jars upon jars of pickles, grown in our garden, grace the shelves. Next to them are neat rows of canned raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, and apple butter that came from our gardens, or from God's, which surrounds us on all sides.

Our herb patch has yielded many fragrant and savory herbs, which will enhance the taste of our more than simple meals. Squash and pumpkins of many shapes and colors make a gay pattern in the dark cellar. Potatoes fill all bins.

Hens that only a few months ago were little yellow balls, are now laying enough eggs for all of us to have everyday. The pigs, named: Hope, Faith, Charity, Justice and Kindness, are truly getting fat. Brownie, our cow, gives us enough milk to drink, and enough more to make cheese and butter. In April she will give us a nice fat calf, we hope. We have another cow that we will be killing late in the Fall, or maybe early in the winter.

Our oats were good, notwithstanding the dryness of this summer. So were our potatoes. St. Fiacre, patron of gardeners, or St. Isadore, patron of farmers, must have been looking out specially for them. Thus on the whole we shall have enough to eat and enough to share.

THE B's CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

comes in. In the natural order, logic clearly shows that such growth, such expansion, should be curtailed; that we should close the doors to some of the "needs" and the needy.

The Divine Pauper

But logic is not the beginning nor the end of things. Nor is nature. This is where the supernatural comes in, and FAITH BRIDGES THE GAP. A slender but strong suspension bridge takes my flagging spirit across the chasm of the impossible.

And lo . . . the impossible becomes factual! Money comes in again. And another step is taken. Another house is opened. Another need is filled!

There seems to be just one clause in this, and that clause MUST BE OBSERVED or NOTHING happens at all. That is, that I, or someone of our group, BEG — beg ceaselessly, with an unshaking faith, with a fiery certitude in the words of God . . . all of them . . . but specially IN HIS — "ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE."

Because of this pattern, this month's Restoration comes to you with many articles, and even a letter stating our urgent needs —

How can I be silent when I see a crucifix, and look at the Divine Pauper on it?

The Reasons Why

If it seems a little strange to you, dear friends, that we speak so much about our harvest, it is because it is part and parcel of our Apostolate. You see, by learning to grow all these things, and also by taking care of farm animals, we are able to open our doors ever wider to more people seeking God and the things of God.

We could not do it otherwise, because it would be too expensive for beggars like us. This way, we work harder every year, but the fruits of our labors are manifold, both of body and soul, ours and others'. And since it is part and parcel of our apostolic life in which you are interested, we share it with you, knowing it may help you too, and bring us closer together.

THE KITCHEN FUND IS GROWING — Alleluia! We have TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE BANK FOR IT NOW — One thousand and more and our dream will come true, and a new and bigger kitchen will come forth, to help us feed and care for more souls . . . ONLY ONE LITTLE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO GO!

Our Lady's Slaves

This has been definitely "vocation year" at Madonna House. Next month we will give you the names of our new Staff Worker Applicants. So far as we know now, there will be ten or eleven new faces among us.

Our Lady surely looks after her own.

On the tenth of this month Lorraine Fecteau and Randal Hay, whom all of us call RICARDO, are going to be married at Madonna House. A joyous event, since they first met at Madonna House.

At the end of this month I will be off to see our houses in Edmonton and in the Yukon, truly I cannot wait, so homesick am I for a look at all the beloved faces there.

Never Enough About Mary!

If you want to know something about the Blessed Virgin Mary, about her scapulars, her feast days, the books and pamphlets concerning her, or the saints particularly devoted to her, you are invited to write to Stanley G. Mathews, S.M., librarian of the Marian Library, at the University of Dayton.

"If it's about Mary we have it, or we will get it, or we will direct you to it," says the library director, Father Philip C. Hoelle, S.M.

"The library was established in 1943 by Fr. Lawrence W. Monheim, S.M., to collect and arrange "all books, pamphlets, magazines, recordings, clippings, and pictures of Our Lady," and to make them available to the world. It was estimated that about 200,000 books had been written about Mary, and it was hoped to obtain as many of these as possible. However the librarian found it difficult to secure books printed about Our Lady in the years immediately preceding 1943. The publishers had sold out, and had not made reprints. Hundreds of Marian books were "out of print."

SAGA OF THE ROSARY

(Continued from Page One)

Living The Passion

This is but one of the many tales we could tell you. Daily we see souls who are forgotten, neglected and scorned. These are the ones who are truly living the passion of Christ. These are the souls who make up for our lukewarmness and tepidity. These, the sinned against of our day, are the ones who are buying our passport to heaven. One of them said to me one day:

"I sit on the river bank and look at the trees and the sky, and my mind shifts to the busy city streets, the tall buildings, the beautiful high level bridge. And I think. Could any man make a tree? Could one make the sky? Could a man make a blade of grass? I can't help being lost in the thought of this magnificent Creator of ours. How wonderful He must be!"

Then this same man said to me. "I wish I knew how to pray! No one has ever taught me. Would you?"

These are the thoughts of the tramps, the bums, the derelicts! We, thank God, have been given the great privilege of serving them. So the three of us, Tess, Jim and myself, find ourselves tired in the evening.

What About Winter?

Our hearts tighten when we see our small place which accommodates only thirty at a sitting, but where we still manage to serve one hundred and sixty in a day. But now it is summer and the doors can be kept wide open. Their hats and jackets, which they carry with them in excessive heat (because they know they will be needed on cool nights and in the winter) are dropped on the floor. There is no room to put them anywhere else. But as I said before, our hearts tighten at the thought of what will happen in the fall and winter. Then, because of our inadequate space, we must say, at twenty below zero, the old phrase that was used to Our Lady and St. Joseph: "You cannot enter, for there is no room!"

The first reproach and rejection of Christ must be echoed by us!

Friends of Mary, and friends of God, listen to our plea, feel our sorrow. See in your minds' eye the things we see in reality. Young men, unemployed, tasting for the first time the pangs of hunger.

One said to me one day: "Have you ever been hungry, Miss? It's a terrible thing. It's a terrible thing. I haven't eaten for three days."

God Bless You All

Men on inadequate pensions, eat and are clothed here, as ten dollars a month is not sufficient for food and clothing after they have spent their thirty dollars a month for room rent. We are hounded daily for jobs. These men are not lazy, for when jobs are obtained for

Fr. Edmund J. Baumeister, S.M., then began the work of listing all Marian books, no matter in what library they might be. If the Marian library couldn't have these books, at least it could tell inquirers where the books might be found. He developed the "union catalogue of Marian works."

The library's most important job is to make Mary better known; and it has taken for its motto: "Never Enough About Mary!"



Our Constant Needs

1. BEDS (any kind, any shape. We repair and fix.)
2. BEDDING.
3. CLOTHING — FOR ALL AGES . . . BOTH SEXES. ESPECIALLY BABY LAYETTES AND CHILDREN'S WARM CLOTHING.
4. CHILDREN'S BOOKS — ANY GOOD KIND, ESPECIALLY CATHOLIC.
5. REMNANTS OF KNITTING WOOL, MATERIALS, EMBROIDERY FLOSS, ALL KINDS OF SEWING MATERIALS AND NOTIONS.
6. OFFICE SUPPLIES — ANY KIND OF WRITING PAPER, ANY SIZE, AND LEFT OVERS OF SAME, PENCILS, NOTE BOOKS, PENS, ERASERS.
7. ANY KIND OF LEFT-OVER CRAFT SUPPLIES.
8. KITCHEN UTENSILS — CUPS, SAUCERS, AND SUCH, MATCHING, UNMATCHING, PLATES OF ALL SORTS TOO.
9. RELIGIOUS ARTICLES — HOLY CARDS, CHRISTMAS CARDS, UNUSED AND USED ROSARIES, CRUCIFIXES, STATUES, (we repair these too), MEDALS, ETC.
10. ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES — THAT CAN BE REPAIRED OR FIXED.

IF ANYONE HAS OLD LETTER-FILES (office, steel ones he does not need, we would be ever so grateful to get them. For our old folks little radios would be so welcome. The shut-ins love same too.

We have put St. Francis in charge of our COLLECTION CENTRE. We are ready to receive anything usable, and make use of it.

them they are thrilled. If only we could show you the letters of appreciation and joy we receive, when we have been fortunate enough to find work for them.

Pray for us, dear friends, for the sorrow of what we witness seems at times almost to overwhelm us!

What must be the sorrow of those who endure it? Pray for them. And pray that God will provide the means for us to extend our quarters, so that their real hunger may be assuaged by having a little space, and time to warm themselves as they eat this coming winter.

May God bless you all. And may He always keep you warm and free from hunger!

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

to start for your Basilica of Beaupré."

No, Not Beaupré!

But they were not going anywhere near the Basilica of Beaupré, so the young lady changed the words to "your shrine in Combermere." The shrine isn't in Combermere. It isn't even in Renfrew county. But Combermere is the nearest village to it. So the designation was accepted by all. And thus en route to the shrine and the farm, the mother of Mary became "St. Anne of Combermere."

That seemed to be natural, because for years we have been calling her daughter "Our Lady of Combermere." "It is a precious grace to make a pilgrimage to your shrine," the girl read on . . . I wish to thank you . . . I also wish to place under your protection this trip I am undertaking in your honor . . ."

They spoke to St. Anne of Combermere" frequently during the long, long pilgrimage. They spoke to her daughter also, and to her divine Grandson. They said the Rosary. They sang hymns. They chanted litanies.

What Goes On Here?

People in Combermere called and waved to them. "You going away?", they asked. "You leaving us? Can we give you a lift? Those bundles heavy?"

There had never been a pilgrimage like this before, evidently, in this part of the world.

Some people just stood and watched. What crazy stunt were those Catholics introducing now? Dogs ran out to bark at them. The girls didn't answer anyone or anything. They kept on at their devotions . . .

"Because thou art powerful—"

"Good St. Anne we praise thee."

"Because thou art good—"

"Good St. Anne we praise thee."

Walking On A Stove

The way was long — much longer than three miles in an auto. The road went up hill and down. It was a hard road. It was a hot road. At times it seemed as hot as the top of a wood-burning stove when bread is baking. And it had no shelter anywhere. This is a tree country, but all the trees that had been along that road once are now serving as barns, sheds, pigsties, and other sorts of lumber.

(Continued on Page Four)

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Three)

And all along the length of the pilgrimage there were sharp little stones.

"Each stone had its fine points," one of the girls said, "and every stone had all its fine points looking upwards. Our tender soles didn't miss a single point."

It took an unusually long time to walk those three miles. The girls had to rest every so often, and take care of their feet. When they arrived at the shrine they found friends — two girls who had elected to stay at "St. Pat's."

With Cream And Sugar?

"We knocked on the door in true pilgrim style," the pilgrims said; "and we spoke our little peace — 'Please, Miss, we are poor pilgrims going to a holy place. You got any hot coffee?'"

Eight young women knelt at the shrine; and there a Rosary was said in memory of Grace Flewelling, the first Madonna House staff worker, who died on August 8th, 1950.

When the six pilgrims returned home that evening their feet were washed, cold-creamed, massaged, kissed, and powdered. The pilgrims were fed and put to bed, with instructions to sleep as late as they could the next morning. They slept, they said, "like logs."

The first bare-footed pilgrimage out of Madonna House had gone into history, and Combermere could call St. Anne its own, even as it called Our Lady its own.

Dust Fantasy

By Natividad Estigoy

Winding and twining like a spiral it goes
Fancifully dancing as if on toes,
Twirling and spinning like a little boy's top
Sometimes I wonder! Will it ever stop?



ST-CONRAD

The Church's Book of Private Prayers

By B. C. Widdowson

Too many Catholics are quite unaware of the fact that Holy Church provides us with a book of recommended private prayers. I refer to the "Raccolta" or book of "prayers and Religious Acts." Here we have collected all the prayers to which the Church currently attaches indulgences which are generally granted to all the faithful: in other words, all those except those granted through specific orders or confraternities, whose particular business it then is to promote them. In fact I do not think that it would be going too far to assert that most Catholics — even those who would consider themselves as quite good ones — have never so much as set eyes upon a copy: while those who actually own a copy and use it in their private devotions must be very few indeed.

Not A Digest

It is, unfortunately, a formidable looking volume, either in the central edition published by the Vatican, or the official American edition. The latter comprises some six hundred pages, and includes, in smaller type, the Latin originals where the prayers were originally authorised in Latin. There is no need to trouble with the latter; though one might mention how essential is a knowledge of Latin to any sort of instructed Catholic. The prayers and hymns are difficult to translate, and are rarely translated well: so that anyone who is thrown back upon the use of English versions suffers a very great deprivation. Yet, Latin aside, the person who approaches this immense mass of devotional matter without any guidance is likely to suffer a good deal of discouragement. Let us see if we can give a little help.

Although there is only one FULL Raccolta published in America, many Catholic publishers produce more or less extensive collections of the shorter forms. One at least of these (the production of Messrs. Paluch of Chicago) professes to be complete: but in the edition I use that claim is not quite justified.

Maybe not many people will wish to own a full Raccolta: but if a copy is borrowed from a library, there is one in the Madonna House library) a few weeks' study, based upon the shorter compilation, will yield abundant material for permanent use.

How You Can Manage It

For, once you realize that the great part of the bulk is due to some very long prayers, which you will not feel drawn to unless you practice the particular devotions

on which they depend, you will realize also that what is left is of perfectly manageable size.

For this study you will want a notebook in which to copy out the prayers you propose to use, but which are not in the shorter collection you actually have. And as a lot depends upon getting your chosen material properly classified, I am going to suggest several classes into which you will find the material to fall.

In the first place quite a number of prayers will be found to attach themselves to particular hours of the day — either by actual condition of the indulgence granted, or by obvious associations. The prayer (183) on the crucifixion fits obviously with the noon hour, as does that (46) for the gift of the Holy Spirit with nine in the morning, when the gift of the Holy Spirit was granted at Pentecost: while some — such as the guardian angel ejaculation (415) may be used more than once a day, these prayers, being short and heavily indulgenced, you will want to use daily at the right time.

Then there are other prayers which fit into definite days of the week. The most notable case of this is the devotion (501) to St. Dominic on Tuesdays, for which the forms provided in 502 (exceptionally good ones) can conveniently be used

Christmas Each Month

In a similar way, there is one (102) which is for a specific day of the MONTH: for the Church wishes us, as it were, to celebrate Christmas a little every month, and so gives us a plenary indulgence for using this form on any twenty-fifth day of the month.

There is also a novena to be used BEFORE any twenty-fifth (101). The difficulty with the latter is to remember when the sixteenth comes round. After missing it once or twice, we solved the difficulty by having a constant round of novenas all through the month, so that habit would prevent us from missing.

There are a lot of indulgenced novenas which can be done at any time. For ourselves, we do of course 101 and 102 from the 16th to the 25th then from the 7th to the 15th we do that wonderful long prayer to St. Michael of Leo XIII (410 for 409).

From the 1st to the 6th, with the last three days of the previous month, 259 261 (the "Veni, Sancte, Spiritus") and 266 together, make a very devotionally useful composite. Finally we fill up the gap between this and our "monthly Christmas" by doing the triduum to St. John Baptist (420) on the 26th, 27th, and 28th — except in February, when the novenas run on without it.

When the month has only 30 days, it means a double amount on the 28th — but that hurts nobody.

There are prayers to the different saints, and prayers provided for definite festivals. In some ways these are disappointing. I remembered how surprised I was when I first got the "Raccolta," on looking up St. Benedict in the index, to find he was not mentioned. In general, the provision of indulgenced prayers has been rather the response of the Church authorities to the urging of specific groups, than to any systematic attempt on the part of the authorities to provide an orderly system.

For Indulgences

But there is plenty of material. In particular it is a good thing to go over this part of the book and note those prayers which carry a monthly indulgence, so as to use them during the appropriate month. Unfortunately the amount of material is irregular. Some months there is very little. Other months have so much that most of us will do a little picking and choosing.

There are partial indulgences of no special interest, which we might do on a once-a-year basis, on the appropriate day. I have spoken of having a notebook. It is wise to fill some pages with a list of all the days of the year, and their suitable indulgences.

There is much more that might be said. And of course each one of us will look in the "Raccolta" to find what is provided along the lines of any special devotions that we may be inclined towards. I should perhaps emphasise that ALL I have said has been of a purely general nature, applicable to any Catholic, without regard to specific devotions. But perhaps I have said enough to point out what an inexhaustible — and very largely unworked — mine of private devotions is provided by Holy Church in this book.

An Open Letter To Santa Claus

Dear St. Nicholas: September is not exactly the right month to write you, but we of Madonna House, Combermere, want to put in our "orders" early this year. You know what happened last year. We were a wee bit late. So quite a few children were disappointed. We cannot allow this to happen again, can we now? I know YOU would not want us to, because you are so interested in our children. So many get so little all through the year, and YOU are especially solicitous for such.

Time was when we asked you to care for only two or three hundred children. But now we have over a thousand.

and. Little schools "lost in our big Canadian northern bush," wrote in, begging to be put on your list, and each year there are more children entering grade schools. So, will you please try to provide presents for ONE THOUSAND AND FIVE HUNDRED CHILDREN? A big number, most assuredly. Yet, since you are the Messenger of the Love of Christ, the Child Who is too small to go around by Himself, I figure nothing is impossible to you. Anyway, you can "talk over things" with Him.

We will gratefully accept all kinds of toys, for babies, and grade children — engines, games, books, pencils, crayons, coloring books, dolls. Anything a child can play with. Mittens, caps, scarfs too. Costume jewelry (second hand will do nicely) for teen-age girls, pocket knives, older games and books for teen-age boys are wonderful. Soft slippers, religious articles, hot water bottles and the like for shut-ins and older folks. Soap, toothpaste or powder, toothbrushes, and toilet articles will be good.

And please don't forget wrapping paper, string, or stickers, for how else can we make a gay Christmas parcel?

AND POUNDS AND POUNDS OF CANDIES!

Maybe you will talk the matter over with the presidents of the Catholic Women's League units in Canada, and other club men and women. Maybe they will make this their Holy-Day project, and thus help you too!

Hard candy will do nicely, thank you. Did I forget anything? I guess not. If I did, I leave it to your ingenuity. Remember that we joyfully will accept anything suitable for a Christmas gift for boys and girls from the age of ONE DAY TO SIXTEEN YEARS. And the same for the older group, and the sick. Oh yes — with the whole world to cover, you may have forgotten the address. If your reindeers get too weary, you can always send the gifts by:

1. MAIL — MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA.
 2. R.R. EXPRESS — AS ABOVE — VIA BARRY'S BAY, ONTARIO, AND THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY. IF FROM U.S.A., BE SURE TO ADD "IN BOND TO RENFREW, ONT., CUSTOM OFFICES."
 3. BY FREIGHT — THE SAME AS "EXPRESS" — IN BOTH CASES STATE CLEARLY THAT IT IS A CHARITABLE GIFT FOR MISSION WORK (DON'T FORGET. FOR WE GET IT, THEN, CUSTOMS FREE.)
- THANK YOU, ST. NICHOLAS.
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